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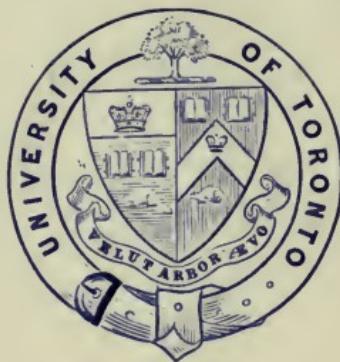
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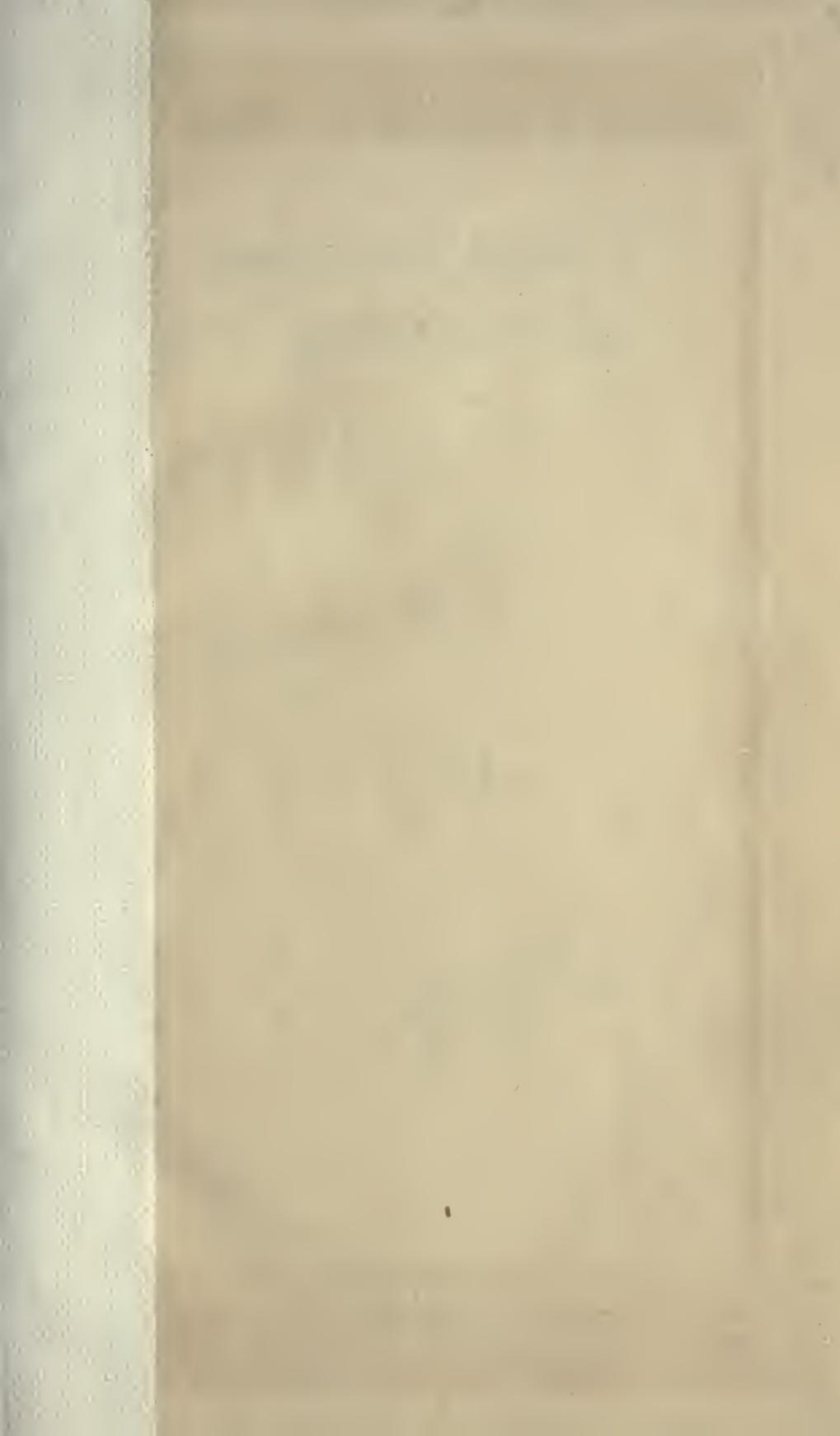
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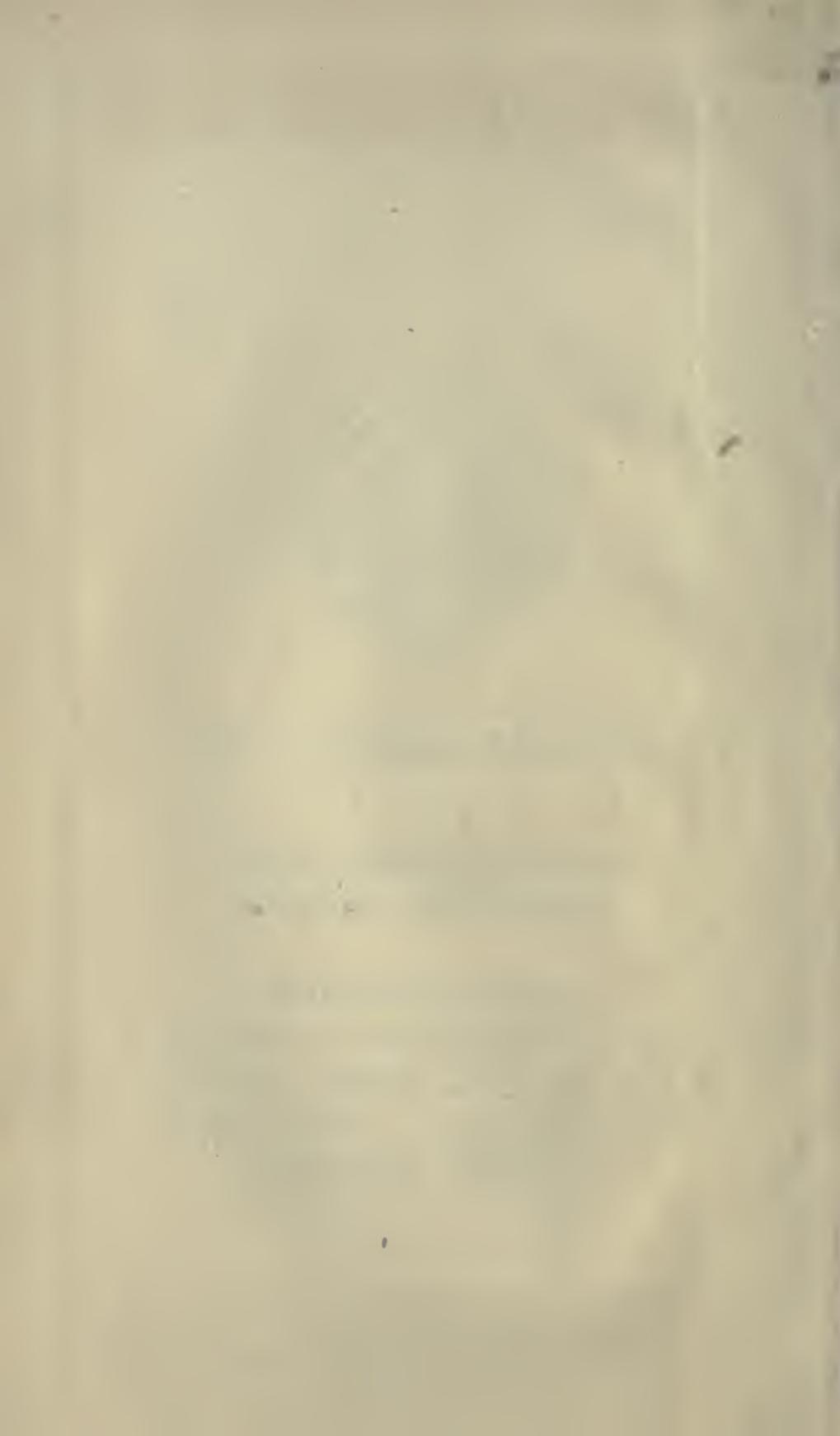
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LORD TENNYSON

POEMS SELECTED BY
A. T. QUILLER-COUCH



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OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

INTRODUCTION

ALFRED TENNYSON was born on August 6, 1809, at Somersby, a Lincolnshire village about equidistant from the towns of Spilsby and Horncastle. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., rector of Somersby, had married Elizabeth Fytche, daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who bore him eight sons and four daughters. Of the sons, Frederick and Charles had very considerable poetical gifts, though their fame has been overshadowed by that of their younger brother. The seclusion of Somersby, which lies in the heart of an agricultural district and then numbered fewer than seventy inhabitants, threw the children almost entirely on their own resources, and Alfred received his earliest education in part at home and in part from a village school known as Cadney's. At the close of 1816 he went with his brother Charles to Louth Grammar School, where he remained until Christmas, 1820: after which it would appear that the boys were wholly taught by their father until 1828, when they matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Thither their elder brother Frederick—after a distinguished career at Eton—had preceded them by a year or so. Charles and Alfred, inseparable friends throughout their boyhood, had already put forth a volume of verse, *Poems by Two Brothers*: but this juvenile collection contained nothing very remarkable, and it was at Cambridge, encouraged by a brilliant company of friends—Monckton Milnes, Trench, Alford, George Venables, James Spedding, Kinglake, Edward FitzGerald, William Henry Brookfield, and (above all) Arthur Henry Hallam—that our poet's genius first expanded. In 1829 he won the Chancellor's medal for English Verse with a poem on the set subject of *Timbuctoo*. Hallam had also competed, and in a letter to Gladstone announcing his friend's success wrote generously: 'I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century.' The writer of this prophecy, afterwards so fully realized, was perhaps unaware of his own great influence in shaping the young poet, whose full triumph he died too soon to witness. Son of the famous historian, he had come to Cambridge from Eton with a grace of culture far in advance of his years; with a nature, too, that avoided all taint of 'priggishness' by virtue of its

modesty and clear-sighted seriousness : one of those rare beings of whom the saying is that they die young because the gods love them.

In 1830 Tennyson published *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*—a volume of fifty-three pieces. Twenty-three of these disappeared from later editions : the rest include many favourites, such as ‘Mariana’, ‘The Merman,’ ‘Recollections of the Arabian Nights,’ ‘The Ballad of Oriana.’ In 1832 he travelled in the Pyrenees and on the Rhine with Hallam, who had become engaged to his sister Emilia Tennyson, and the winter of that year saw the publication of a second volume, which included ‘The Lady of Shalott’, ‘The Miller’s Daughter,’ ‘Enone,’ ‘The Lotos-Eaters,’ and ‘A Dream of Fair Women.’ Yet these beautiful lyrics met with a cold reception, and even some savage criticism. A heavier blow followed this ill-success. In the autumn of 1833 young Hallam accompanied his father on a tour abroad and died suddenly at Vienna. The news prostrated Tennyson. During the next few years he published nothing, and little is known of his movements except that sometimes he lived with his great-uncle, Samuel Turner, at Caistor, and sometimes in London ‘in poverty, with his friends and his golden dreams’. Among his new friends were Carlyle and Coventry Patmore, Mill, Forster, Landor, Macready, and these and his old companions watched him apprehensively, as a man maimed by a blow and uncertain of recovery. At length, in 1842, they persuaded him to issue a revised selection from the two volumes of 1830 and 1832, with a number of new pieces, of which ‘Ulysses’, ‘The Two Voices,’ ‘Morte d’Arthur,’ ‘Godiva,’ ‘Locksley Hall,’ and ‘The Vision of Sin’ are amongst the most notable. Some of these, and especially ‘Locksley Hall’, won immediate popularity, and their fame soon travelled to America : but although the *Poems* ran through several editions, the poet was still poor. His father’s death in 1831 had cut short his college career for lack of funds, and little, if any, of his small patrimony remained to him when, in 1845, Sir Robert Peel—mainly at the instance of Milnes and Carlyle—granted him a pension of £200 from the Civil List. From this point his fortunes steadily mended. Queen Victoria, charmed by a chance perusal of ‘The Miller’s Daughter’, took the poet into favour, and in 1850, on the death of Wordsworth, Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate. In 1850, also, appeared *In Memoriam*, the noble elegy Tennyson had been slowly composing ever since Hallam’s death. And the same

INTRODUCTION

year he married Miss Emily Sellwood, of Horncastle, whom he had known from childhood. The pair lived for two or three years at Twickenham, where their eldest son (the present Lord Tennyson) was born in 1852. In 1853, his prosperity steadily increasing, he purchased the estate of Faringford, near Freshwater in the Isle of Wight. In 1854 the University of Oxford honoured him with the degree of D.C.L. In this year, too, he wrote his great *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* and his ever popular *Charge of the Light Brigade*. *Maud* was published in 1855; the first *Idylls of the King* in 1859; *Enoch Arden* in 1864; *The Holy Grail* in 1869. To continue the list to the end, succeeding volumes bear the following dates: *Gareth and Lynette*, 1872; *Queen Mary*, 1875; *Harold*, 1876; *The Lover's Tale* (an early work, retouched), 1879; *Ballads and other Poems*, 1880; *The Cup* and *The Falcon*, 1884; *Becket*, 1884; *Tiresias*, 1885; *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, 1886; *Demeter*, 1889; *The Foresters*, 1892; *The Death of Oenone*, &c., 1892.

Meanwhile, in 1867 he had purchased an estate of about fifty acres in Sussex, where in 1868 he began to build his beautiful house of Aldworth, looking southward and seaward across Blackdown Heath; and in 1883 he was offered, and accepted, a peerage, becoming Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Freshwater in January, 1884. He had already twice declined a baronetcy. In 1886 he suffered a severe blow by the death of his second son Lionel, who succumbed to jungle fever on his way home from India: and in 1890 his health, which had been gradually declining, was broken by a sharp illness, the result of exposure to cold. From this he never thoroughly recovered, and in the autumn of 1892 an attack of influenza, complicated with gout, proved fatal. He died peacefully at Aldworth at half-past one in the morning of October 6. 'There were no artificial lights in the chamber,' wrote his physician, Sir Andrew Clark, 'and all was in darkness save for the silvery light of the moon at its full. The soft beams fell upon the bed and played upon the features of the dying poet like a halo.' Six days later, by general desire of the nation, his body was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. No English poet—not Milton himself—has shown a loftier sense of his art, or followed it with a prouder devotion through the course of a long life. He was, as he conceived himself to be, one of the great masters of song, and his bearing to the end dignified that conception.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. Mariana	6
2. The Lady of Shalott	8
3. The Sea-Fairies	13
4. The Ballad of Oriana	14
5. Song from <i>The Miller's Daughter</i>	17
6. The Lotos-Eaters	18
7. Ulysses	24
8. Godiva	26
9. St. Agnes' Eve	28
10. Sir Galahad	29
11. Edward Gray	31
12. Song from <i>The Princess</i> : Blow, bugle, blow	33
13. Come down, O Maid	33
14. Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington	34
15. The Charge of the Light Brigade	42
16. Maud: 'Come into the garden, Maud'	44
17. The Brook	47

MARIANA

‘ Mariana in the moated grange.’

Measure for Measure.

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all :
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds look’d sad and strange :
Unlifted was the clinking latch ;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.

She only said, ‘ My life is dreary,
He cometh not,’ she said ;
She said, ‘ I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! ’

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, ‘ The night is dreary,
He cometh not,’ she said ;
She said, ‘ I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! ’

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow :
The cock sung out an hour ere light :
From the dark fen the oxen’s low
Came to her : without hope of change,
In sleep she seem’d to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.

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She only said, 'The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !'

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.

Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark :
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !'

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.

She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !'

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;
The blue fly sung in the pane ; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;

She said, ‘I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !’

The sparrow’s chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense ; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.

80

Then, said she, ‘I am very dreary,
He will not come,’ she said ;
She wept, ‘I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead !’

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And thro’ the field the road runs by
To many-tower’d Camelot ;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro’ the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four grey walls, and four grey towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

10

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot :
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,

Down to tower'd Camelot :
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'

PART II

THERE she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay

To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot :
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

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Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
 The knights come riding two and two :
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot :
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed ;
 'I am half sick of shadows,' said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A BLOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot :
 And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armour rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

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All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot.

As often thro' the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ; 100
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
 'Tirra lirra,' by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room,
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,

She look'd down to Camelot.

Out flew the web and floated wide ;
 The mirror cracked from side to side ;
 'The curse is come upon me,' cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

110

PART IV

IN the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining, 120
 Heavily the low sky raining,

Over tower'd Camelot ;
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
 Like some bold seér in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance—
 With a glassy countenance

130

Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
 The broad stream bore her far away,

The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Thro' the noises of the night

140

She floated down to Camelot :
 And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,

The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly

150

Turn'd to tower'd Camelot ;
 For ere she reach'd upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,

The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,

Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name

160

The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer ;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,

All the knights at Camelot :
 But Lancelot mused a little space ;
 He said, ‘ She has a lovely face ;
 God in his mercy lend her grace

170

The Lady of Shalott.’

THE SEA-FAIRIES

SLOW sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
 Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
 Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
 To little harps of gold ; and while they mused,
 Whispering to each other half in fear,
 Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither away ? fly
 no more.

Whither away from the high green field, and the
 happy blossoming shore ?

Day and night to the billow the fountain calls ;
 Down shower the gambolling waterfalls

10

From wandering over the lea :

Out of the live-green heart of the dells
 They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
 And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
 High over the full-toned sea :

O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
 Come hither to me and to me :

Hither, come hither and frolic and play ;
 Here it is only the mew that wails ;

We will sing to you all the day :

Mariner, mariner, furl your sails.

For here are the blissful downs and dales,
 And merrily merrily carol the gales,

20

And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
 And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
 Over the islands free ;
 And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand ;
 Hither, come hither and see ;
 And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
 And sweet is the colour of cove and cave, 30
 And sweet shall your welcome be :
 O hither, come hither, and be our lords
 For merry brides are we :
 We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words :
 O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
 With pleasure and love and jubilee :
 O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
 When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
 Runs up the ridged sea.
 Who can light on as happy a shore 40
 All the world o'er, all the world o'er ?
 Whither away ? listen and stay : mariner, mariner,
 fly no more.

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA

My heart is wasted with my woe,
 Oriana.

There is no rest for me below,
 Oriana.

When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
 And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
 Oriana,

Alone I wander to and fro,
 Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing, 10
 Oriana,
 At midnight the cock was crowing,
 Oriana :

Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
 Oriana;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
 Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
 Oriana,

20

Ere I rode into the fight,
 Oriana,

While blissful tears blinded my sight
By star-shine and by moonlight,
 Oriana,

I to thee my troth did plight,
 Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
 Oriana :

She watch'd my crest among them all,
 Oriana :

30

She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stept a foeman tall,
 Oriana,

Atween me and the castle wall,
 Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
 Oriana :

The false, false arrow went aside,
 Oriana !

40

The damnèd arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
 Oriana !

Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
 Oriana !

Oh ! narrow, narrow was the space,
 Oriana.

Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
 Oriana.

Oh ! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
 The battle deepen'd in its place,
 Oriana ;
 But I was down upon my face,
 Oriana.

50

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
 Oriana !

How could I rise and come away,
 Oriana ?

How could I look upon the day ?

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
 Oriana —

60

They should have trod me into clay,
 Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
 Oriana !

O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
 Oriana !

Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
 And then the tears run down my cheek,
 Oriana :

70

What wantest thou ? whom dost thou seek,
 Oriana ?

I cry aloud : none hear my cries,
 Oriana.

Thou comest atween me and the skies,
 Oriana.

I feel the tears of blood arise
 Up from my heart unto my eyes,
 Oriana.

Within thy heart my arrow lies,
 Oriana.

80

O cursed hand ! O cursed blow !
 Oriana !

O happy thou that liest low,
 Oriana !

All night the silence seems to flow
 Beside me in my utter woe,
 Oriana.

A weary, weary way I go,
 Oriana.

90

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
 Oriana,
 I walk, I dare not think of thee,
 Oriana.

Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
 I dare not die and come to thee,
 Oriana.

I hear the roaring of the sea,
 Oriana.

SONG FROM THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

It is the miller's daughter,
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,
 That I would be the jewel
 That trembles at her ear :
 For hid in ringlets day and night,
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
 About her dainty dainty waist,
 And her heart would beat against me,
 In sorrow and in rest :

And I should know if it beat right,
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

10

And I would be the necklace,
 And all day long to fall and rise
 Upon her balmy bosom,
 With her laughter or her sighs,
 And I would lie so light, so light,
 I scarce should be unclasped at night.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

‘COURAGE !’ he said, and pointed toward the land,
 ‘This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.’
 In the afternoon they came unto a land,
 In which it seemèd always afternoon.
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke,
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ; 11
 And some thro’ wavering lights and shadows broke,
 Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
 From the inner land : far off, three mountain-tops,
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flush’d : and, dew’d with showery
 drops,
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmèd sunset linger’d low adown
 In the red West : thro’ mountain clefts the dale 20
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Border’d with palm, and many a winding vale
 And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
 A land where all things always seem’d the same !
 And round about the keel with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem.
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them, 30
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave

Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
 And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,
 Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore 40
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, 'We will return no more'
 And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam.'

CHORIC SONG

I

There is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 50
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
 skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in
 sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness ?
 All things have rest : why should we toil alone, 60

We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings,
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
 Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
 'There is no joy but calm !'
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
 things ?

III

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow
 Falls, and floats adown the air.

Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night.
 All its allotted length of days,
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast rooted in the fruitful soil.

70

80

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
 Death is the end of life ; ah, why
 Should life all labour be ?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last ?
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.

90

Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil ? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
 In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful
 ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100
 Falling asleep in a half-dream !
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
 To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
 Eating the Lotos day by day,
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory, 110
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives
 And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change ;
 For surely now our household hearths are cold :
 Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold 120.
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle ?
 Let what is broken so remain.

The Gods are hard to reconcile :
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There *is* confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath, 130
 Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 With half-dropt eyelids still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling 141
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the
 pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
 All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
 dust is blown. 149
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the
 surge was seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
 fountains in the sea.
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal
 mind,

In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of man-
kind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are
hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleam-
ing world :
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted
lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
deeps and fiery sands, 160
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking
ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a dole-
ful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of
wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are
strong ;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave
the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring
toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and
oil ;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd
—down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys
dwell, 169
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
and oar ;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander
more.

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
 Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all ;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met ;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin
 fades 20

For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains : but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this grey spirit yearning in desire 30
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil

This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port : the vessel puffs her sail :
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
 with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ; 50
 Death closes all : but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
 The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
 Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we
 are ;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

GODIVA

*I waited for the train at Coventry ;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires ; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this :—*

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd ; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame, 10
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry : for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamouring, 'If we pay, we starve !'
She sought her lord, and found him, where he
strode

About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, 'If they pay this tax, they
starve.' 20

Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
' You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these*? '—' But I would die,' said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul :
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear ;
' O aye, aye, aye, you talk ! '—' Alas ! ' she said,
' But prove me what it is I would not do.'
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, ' Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it ' ; and nodding, as in scorn, 30
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
 As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
 Made war upon each other for an hour,
 Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
 And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
 The hard condition ; but that she would loose
 The people : therefore, as they loved her well,
 From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
 No eye look down, she passing ; but that all 40
 Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
 Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
 The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a breath
 She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
 Half-dipt in cloud : anon she shook her head,
 And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee ;
 Unclad herself in haste ; adown the stair
 Stole on ; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
 From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd 50
 The gateway ; there she found her palfrey trapt
 In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity :
 The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
 And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
 The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
 Had cunning eyes to see : the barking cur
 Made her cheek flame : her palfrey's footfall shot
 Light horrors thro' her pulses : the blind walls
 Were full of chinks and holes ; and overhead 60
 Fantastic gables, crowding, stared : but she
 Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
 The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
 Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity :
 And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
 The fatal byword of all years to come,
 Boring a little augur-hole in fear,
 Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
 Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head, 70

And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
 On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused ;
 And she, that knew not, pass'd : and all at once,
 With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless
 noon

Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
 One after one : but even then she gain'd
 Her bower ; whence reissuing, robed and crown'd.
 To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
 And built herself an everlasting name.

ST. AGNES' EVE

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon :
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
 The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
 To yonder shining ground ;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round ;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee ;
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.

Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

10

20

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride !

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel :
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

10

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall !
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall :
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns :
 Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
 I hear a voice, but none are there ;
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark ;
 I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
 I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light !
 Three angels bear the holy Grail :
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, spins from brand and mail ;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
 And gilds the driving hail.

30

40

50

I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

60

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear ;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

70

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 'O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near.'
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide
 Until I find the holy Grail.

80

EDWARD GRAY

SWEET Emma Moreland of yonder town
 Met me walking on yonder way,
 'And have you lost your heart ?' she said ;
 'And are you married yet, Edward Gray ?'

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me :

Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :

'Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more

Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

'Ellen Adair she loved me well,

Against her father's and mother's will :

To-day I sat for an hour and wept,

By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

10

'Shy she was, and I thought her cold ;

Thought her proud, and fled over the sea ;

Fill'd I was with folly and spite,

When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

'Cruel, cruel the words I said !

Cruelly came they back to-day :

"You're too slight and fickle," I said,

"To trouble the heart of Edward Gray." 20

'There I put my face in the grass—

Whisper'd, " Listen to my despair :

I repent me of all I did :

Speak a little, Ellen Adair ! "

'Then I took a pencil, and wrote

On the mossy stone, as I lay,

"Here lies the body of Ellen Adair ;

And here the heart of Edward Gray ! "

'Love may come, and love may go,

And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree :

But I will love no more, no more,

Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

30

'Bitterly wept I over the stone :

Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :

There lies the body of Ellen Adair !

And there the heart of Edward Gray !

SONG FROM THE PRINCESS

THE splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar

The horns of Elfland faintly blowing ! 10

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :

Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

COME DOWN, O MAID

COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height :
 What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
 In height and cold, the splendour of the hills ?
 But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
 To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
 To sit a star upon the sparkling spire ;
 And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
 For Love is of the valley, come thou down
 And find him ; by the happy threshold, he,
 Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
 Or red with spirited purple of the vats,
 Or foxlike in the vine ; nor cares to walk
 With Death and Morning on the silver horns,

Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
 Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
 That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
 To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :
 But follow ; let the torrent dance thee down
 To find him in the valley ; let the wild
 Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave 20
 The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
 That like a broken purpose waste in air :
 So waste not thou ; but come ; for all the vales
 Await thee ; azure pillars of the hearth
 Arise to thee ; the children call, and I
 Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms, 30
 And murmuring of innumerable bees.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

I

BURY the Great Duke
 With an empire's lamentation,
 Let us bury the Great Duke
 To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
 Mourning when their leaders fall,
 Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
 And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore ?
 Here, in streaming London's central roar.
 Let the sound of those he wrought for, 10
 And the feet of those he fought for,
 Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant : sad and slow,
 As fits an universal woe,
 Let the long long procession go,
 And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
 And let the mournful martial music blow ;
 The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
 Remembering all his greatness in the Past. 20
 No more in soldier fashion will he greet
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute :
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
 Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,
 Great in council and great in war, 30
 Foremost captain of his time,
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O good grey head which all men knew,
 O voice from which their omens all men drew,
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that
 blew !
 Such was he whom we deplore. 40
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen no
 more.

All is over and done :

Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.

Let the bell be toll'd.

Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.

Under the cross of gold

That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.

Let the bell be toll'd :

And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds :
Bright let it be with his blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.

Let the bell be toll'd :

And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd 60
Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
He knew their voices of old.

For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom ;
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70

In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well attemper'd frame.

O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song.

VI

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest, 80
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with
 priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my
 rest?

Mighty seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.

Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
 The greatest sailor since our world began.

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes ;

For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea ; 90

His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
 O give him welcome, this is he,

Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee ;
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun ;

This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won ; 100

And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines

Back to France her banded swarms,
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Past the Pyrenean pines,

110

Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
 Roil of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes.
 Such a war had such a close.
 Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, 120
 And barking for the thrones of kings ;
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
 On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
 A day of onsets of despair !
 Dash'd on every rocky square
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and over-threw. 130

So great a soldier taught us there,
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world's earthquake, Waterloo !
 Mighty seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all, 140
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame,
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name. 150

VII

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul 160
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust. 170
Remember him who led your hosts ;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your canons moulder on the seaward wall ;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever ; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent ; even if they broke
In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ; 180
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke

All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
 Whatever record leap to light
 He never shall be shamed.

190

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
 Yea, let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great,
 But as he saves or serves the state.

200

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory :
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes,
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outredden
 All voluptuous garden-roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory :
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevail'd,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he : his work is done.

210

But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure ;

220

Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from
 shame
 For many and many an age proclaim
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illumined cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him, 230
 Eternal honour to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet unmoulded tongue
 Far on in summers that we shall not see :
 Peace, it is a day of pain
 For one about whose patriarchal knee
 Late the little children clung :
 O peace, it is a day of pain
 For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. 240
 Ours the pain, be his the gain !
 More than is of man's degree
 Must be with us, watching here
 At this, our great solemnity.
 Whom we see not we revere.
 We revere, and we refrain
 From talk of battles loud and vain,
 And brawling memories all too free
 For such a wise humility
 As befits a solemn fane : 250
 We revere, and while we hear
 The tides of Music's golden sea
 Setting toward eternity,
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so true
 There must be other nobler work to do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And Victor he must ever be.

For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
 And break the shore, and evermore
 Make and break, and work their will ;
 Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
 Round us, each with different powers,
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul ?
 On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and
 tears : .
 The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
 He is gone who seem'd so great.—
 Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in State,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 But speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him.
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

260

270

280

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 ‘Forward, the Light Brigade !
 Charge for the guns !’ he said :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade !'
 Was there a man dismay'd ?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder'd :
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

10

III

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

20

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

30

V

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them
 Left of six hundred.

40

VI

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

50

MAUD

I

COME into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, Night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone ;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

II

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves

On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

10

III

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune ;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

IV

I said to the lily, 'There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone ?
She is weary of dance and play.'
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day ;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

20

V

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine ?
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose
'For ever and ever, mine.'

30

VI

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall ;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all ;

VII

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs 40
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

VIII

The slender acacia would not shake
 One long milk-bloom on the tree ;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake
 Knowing your promise to me ;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

IX

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

x

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
She is coming, my life, my fate ;
The red rose cries, ‘She is near, she is near’ ;
And the white rose weeps, ‘She is late’ ;
The larkspur listens, ‘I hear, I hear’ ;
And the lily whispers, ‘I wait.’

XI

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead ;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

70

THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

10

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy-foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

20

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,
 And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,
 And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars;
 I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

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40

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